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CONTENTS

The Jester's Song	K. SAWYER GOODMAN	45
Clouds	J. WAINWRIGHT EVANS	47
Love's Altar	CHARLES TROWBRIDGE TITTMANN	51
The Art of Walking	JOHN OGDEN BIGELOW	52
Roaming	GEORGE WIRDA SPOHN	55
The Ring; a Legend	DONALD CUYLER VAUGHAN	55
The Brook	CHARLES DEDERER THOMPSON, JR.	58
The Adventures of An Agent	JOHN STEWART BURGESS	59
Editorial		66
On the Nature of Editorials		
Our Own Theory		
The Inter-Club Treaty		
Gossip		70
Editor's Table		72
Book Talk		73

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The Jester's Song

I builded me a house of cards
Upon the golden strand,
Nor marked the tide relentlessly
Creep in upon the land,
Until it strewed my house of cards
Across the changing sand.

I built again my house of cards
Beyond the reach of tide,
Yet while I mocked the restless sea
That clamoured by my side,
A wind came off the land and swept
My card house far and wide.

I tried to pluck a snow white rose
In a garden by the sea,
But the fragrance turned to the chill of death
At the first faint touch from me,
And the petals changed to blood red flames,
Then withered drearily.

I laid my head upon my arms,
And I wandered far away,
Across the mist, and across the dawn,
As a dreamland shadow may,
And as I passed none smiled on me
Nor cheered me night nor day.

Till once, unbidden, at a feast
I entered while men chaffed,
And sang, and wantoned o'er their wine,
That sparkled while they quaffed.
Then something broke within my heart
And I seized a glass and laughed.

The red, red wine coursed through my veins
To the very soul of me,
And my laugh rang out across the night
In a wordless melody,
And they dubbed me king of song and jest
For that I laughed so free.

And I have donned the caps and bells,
The life of jest and song,
And I jest for thee as blithe and free
As the day is blithe and long,
Nor had I told this weary tale
But that ye pressed me strong.

Good friends the little tale is told,
My last sad word is said,
And none reck less the will of God
Than I whose dreams are sped,
And none may jest more free than I
Because my heart is dead.

K. Sawyer Goodman.

Clouds

IT was their first quarrel.

At the end of ten minutes, he had left the house inwardly raging; bearing in his pocket the ring which she had flung on the table as she fled to her room to seek refuge in tears. Now he was sitting on the veranda of the summer hotel trying to read the newspaper, but at the end of an uncomfortable half hour he found himself staring at a page turned upside down. Throwing it aside, he strode off up the lake beach; and when he returned from a furious walk, still covering the ground with angry vigor, the sun was setting.

He approached a small boat-house. Beside it, drawn up on the sand, lay the canoe in which they had planned a trip that very afternoon. He paused, as the crowd of unpleasant thoughts came rushing back with redoubled force. Then he went on, and wearily threw himself down under a nearby tree.

The wind was rising, and a threatening line of clouds had gathered in the east; but aside from the wind, and the call of a neighboring whippoorwill, no sound broke the stillness.

Suddenly he started and listened. Someone was coming up the beach. The crunch of gravel became more and more distinct, till round the edge of a clump of trees, his eye caught the flutter of a woman's dress.

As he recognized the approaching figure, his face took on a look of unconscious, almost unwilling, eagerness. She too, then, had been restless! He could not help finding some gratification in the thought.

She had failed to see him, and disappeared in the boat-house, whence she issued with a paddle, and was soon striving to push the canoe down to the water.

As he watched, a sharp gust shook the tree above, and he glanced hastily at the sky.

Surely, he had warned her often enough against these lake storms; and she herself was familiar with their terrible violence and swiftness of descent.

His eyes grew troubled. Already she had the canoe nearly in the water.

Rising swiftly, he went toward her.

She heard his step behind her, and turned, her face flushing slightly as she saw him.

"There is a storm coming up," he said.

She knew that, and had nearly decided not to venture out. But this ended her uncertainty.

"I am not asking for your advice, Mr. Stratton," she said icily.

He stood irresolute.

"You'll be swamped in a moment," he said earnestly, coming nearer.

She gave no answer, except to turn, and again take hold of the canoe. And because she turned, she failed to see the look that had come into his eyes. It was what she had been wont to call his "look-out look."

Thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he stood regarding her small person, his expression slowly softening to one of whimsical exasperation. Coming near, he laid a muscular hand on the gunwhale, and then she no longer feared any possible results of her stubbornness. But appearances must be kept up.

"Mr. Stratton, kindly take your hands off the canoe, and leave me," she said very distinctly, making the most of her five feet two.

"You'd have decided not to go, but for my interference," he said with conviction.

She stamped a small foot. He had always understood her but this was too exasperating.

"You mustn't go," he added in a tone of quiet finality, "not even to oppose me."

"I intend to do as I choose," she retorted angrily.

He spoke no word, but glanced once more at the sky.

Five seconds later, the canoe was high and dry, twenty feet up on the sand.

"There comes the storm," he said calmly.

And in truth it came. The sky had become black. The waves were whipped into sudden life by a furious rush of wind—and then came rain, blinding, and in torrents.

Forgetting her anger for the moment, she gave a little cry of surprise, and stood for an instant bewildered while the storm roared about her.

"Come to the boat-house," he shouted.

Then she felt his hand on her arm, and with an unconscious feeling of relief submitted to his guidance. Soon, they were under shelter, with the rain pelting on the roof a few feet overhead ; and in an almost total darkness, caused by the clouds, and soon made permanent by the sinking of the sun.

He pulled the door shut.

"I'll look for a lantern," he said, striking a match.

The momentary, fitful light faintly revealed the narrow cobwebbed quarters, scarce large enough for a small boat, then died away.

He struck another, but no lantern was to be found.

"There is none here," he said at length. Then seeing a long, low box lying near the door, he added, "sit here"—taking her arm to guide her.

"Why," he cried, suddenly, "you are wet—take this," slipping off his coat.

"No, no!" she protested, "you'll need it yourself."

Without further words, he forced one of her hands into the sleeve, and in a moment, the coat was on, and buttoned securely.

"The storm will pass in a few hours," he said, seating himself on the other end of the box.

Then came silence—for with the excitement over, they both remembered.

Furious gusts of wind shook the door; the rain rattled with dismal steadiness in a monotonous patter on the shingles—and sometimes, driven by the wind, seemed to strike in watery sheets. The spray from the lake spattered the end of the boat-house with dreary regularity, and they could faintly hear the roar of a swollen creek; yet with it all, the place seemed deathly still.

He squirmed restlessly where he sat, and wondered uneasily what he could say. But he would never give in, he thought with grim determination.

It was true that she was wet from the rain, and she shivered occasionally in her damp clothes; while the combined discomfort of mind and body had brought her to the verge of tears. And, withal, the situation was cruelly, ironically humiliating—which made matters so much the worse.

An unendurable half hour passed.

Water had begun trickling through the leaky roof, and he heard her stir several times.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked finally, in a tone of polite solicitude.

"Quite so," she responded, as politely.

"I'm getting talkative," he told himself sardonically.

He thought he heard a low sound, as of someone gasping for breath. He peered intently toward her, and vainly strove to pierce the darkness; and while he looked, there came a flash of lightning. It dimly revealed a disconsolate little figure in a white skirt, and a man's coat ridiculously large for its occupant. Her face was hidden by a blue sleeved arm which rested against an adjacent beam, and her shoulders were moving convulsively.

As the light flashed, he saw her start; and then all was dark again. And with the darkness came much thunder so that she failed to hear him as he moved toward her.

He put out a hand and touched her sleeve. She did not move. An arm slipped around her and drew her back with gentle force.

"Darling!" he whispered.

"I'm cold," came in a quivering little voice that caught in the middle, "and it's—d—dark!"—followed by a burst of hot tears—and her head nestled back against his shoulder, while he felt the soft hair brush across his face.

There was silence in the boat-house again—but this was a different silence from the other, and for them, it was eloquent.

The storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun; and rising, he threw open the door.

The moonlight filtered softly through a mass of fleeing vapor; and the lately furious lake lay like a silver mirror beneath the rays.

As they watched, the moon came out, full and clear, for the wind had blown away the clouds.

J. Wainright Evans.

Love's Altar

Contritely to thy shrine I bring,
Of roses red and violets blue,
Fair perfumed harbingers of spring,
As tokens of my worship true.

And if thou wert a tender flower,
And I a knightly honey-bee,
From out the blossoms of thy bower,
Undaunted, I would choose but thee.

And then, defenceless as thou art,
I'd take thy honey for a kiss,
And vow in all this world, dear heart,
No other joy were greater bliss.

Charles Trowbridge Tittmann.

The Art of Walking

"Let's take a stroll
On yonder knoll,"
Says Bill.

So off they go,
Fat Jack, lean Joe,
And Bill.

Anonymous

ON the road to the Junction one day I met with a youth, clad in black running-pants, a sleeveless jersey, and light shoes,—a very peculiar sight indeed on the country road. He was evidently preparing for some athletic event, probably a long distance run. I could see the look of embarrassment on his face at being caught in such a garb outside a gymnasium, and at the same time a resolve to brave all ridicule, in his eager determination to win. He had made that country road his gymnasium, and was profiting by it as best he might.

Although my scantily clad friend was rather an extreme case, he may nevertheless be taken as an example of a certain class of human beings who go awalking. They are out for business; they walk for their health or to develop muscle. You know scores of them, from your grandfather with his 'fore dinner constitutional, down to your friend Miss So-And-So, who rises early every morning and takes a walk in hopes of losing a few superfluous pounds.

There is another class of people who desecrate (in my opinion) the pretty art of taking a walk. One of these will take up his road-map and commune with himself as follows:

"Let me see, this is the road to Stuntown; I have not been over it as yet. It must be about ten miles each way. Well, if I start early, and walk four miles an hour, and cut lunch, I ought to be able to get back in time for Physics,—and then I will have tramped every road in the neighborhood."

So off he starts with an expression on his face which means, "Stuntown and back in five hours." If you should meet him on the road you could hardly tell him from Brother Out-For-Health; both have the same business-like air. The type is seen throughout Europe, Baedeker in hand; his number is legion.

Far above these first two is a third species,—a jovial, likeable kind, with social instincts. This is the man who walks, as an excuse for good fellowship. He is never seen alone in his walks, but always with Joe and Bill, chattering along, or venturing some boisterous harmony. He lingers by the way and laughs and jests. To him the board-walk at Atlantic City is equal,—if not infinitely superior,—to the finest wood-land path, except that the latter gives him an opportunity to display his exuberant spirits. And his number also is legion; every second man who walks out Mercer Street after Sunday chapel is our friend.

There is still a fourth class of strollers,—and with them go my sympathies. Their number is small so that a true member of the brotherhood is seen but occasionally. These are the ones who walk not for exercise, nor merely to get somewhere, nor out of good-fellowship, but to place themselves under the charm of the woods and the fields; in hopes that the leafy tongues may speak to them, that the books of the brooks may be opened, that the sermons in stones may be interpreted to their souls. They walk neither fast nor slow, but as the humor seizes them,—and often they walk not at all, but lie down under the trees. They are generally seen alone or in pairs,—never in large companies; and never are they boisterous.

Who has not felt the influence of nature upon his humor? The ocean lies calm, the sun-light shimmering on its miniature waves, and we feel a sense of peace possess us; again, the sky is hidden with gray clouds and the long oily rollers break with a harsh murmur,—a deep sullenness

sweeps through us ; or the wind rises and dashes the white caps upon the waves and blows the spray into our faces, and we are filled with energy. But if some uncongenial companion is with us, whose nature is not opened to the appeals of Neptune, Pan, and the other deities, the entire enchantment is dispelled. However black and glum be the face of Nature, we forget to be sympathetically sullen, if we be busy planning a next visit to the Big City. And likewise peace is offered us in vain if we persist in discussing how soon the next remittance from home will arrive. But if we take our stroll alone, in simpleness of heart, or with some true companion, whose ears are welcoming the gay thrush, the melancholy lark, the jolly bullfrog, or whose eyes receive the sympathy of the wild phlox, and the gay greeting of the daisy, whose nostrils, whose every sense, responds to all the appeals of out-of-doors, then will we find a satisfaction which will make us smile at the fellows who have been to Stuntown, and unconsciously we will have gained strength of limb, and nature herself will have sung us her harmonies.

John Ogden Bigelow,

Roaming

About me close four dingy walls of stone,
Above me slopes a roof of mould'ring tile,
Before my window looms a lofty pile
Of gray stone towers, moss-flecked and ivy-grown.

Yet in this den I dwell not quite alone ;
For fancy lingers near with luring smile ;
She calms my restless, burning heart the while,
Charming me into regions all unknown.

With buoyant hearts we roam the wide world o'er ;
Sail tropic seas, past sunny coral strands ;
Climb snow-capped heights, and visit ice-locked
lands

In one continuous journey evermore.
And thus my nights outshine Aurora's beam,
And all my days pass softly as a dream.

George Weida Spohn.

The Ring; a Legend

HE was gone, with her ring on his finger, leaving the
savor of his kisses on her lips.

"Ah, Lady Virgin, how brave he is! How glorious!
What a lover for such as I. Will he love me always as he
promised but now? 'Thy ring on my finger, thine image
as the light of mine eyes, the perfume of thy hair as the
breath of my life, so shall I live, so go to my death.' How
shall I know if he ever waver? See with his eyes and
breath, with his breath I cannot, love him dearly as I may.
Surely our love is blessed and holy. Naught have I ever

done to rouse the anger of Heaven, and he, ah well, he is but a man and reck little of such matters, yet I would he had not called me by the name of the heathen goddess. 'Aphrodite, Aphrodite herself hath lavished her store on me.' To call me, *me*, Aphrodite, was it not daring so to provoke the evil, heathenish sprite? Was it not a little wicked for even a reader of books and maker of songs to call a Christian sweetheart after the Queen of pagan love? But he dares all things. And there can be nothing truly wicked in a name which hath so sweet a sound, Aphrodite—ay, and she was passing fair—for so he told me—and I have read it somewhere too—passing—fair and—a—great—lover—"

She slept, alone in the great bare hall, with gentle flushed face resting on one silk-clad arm, the other hand on the softly beating heart and fingers lost in the tangle of bright hair.

"So this is love, a strange thing," mused the youth, "and a high thing," thought he, as he flung a small coin and a kind word to a beggar whom he had cursed and all but overriden on the same spot not three hours ago. And ever as he rode, his glance rested on his lady's ring and he saw again her sweet graces, and how she begged, looking on him with dove's eyes, never to let the ring from his finger, night or day. And once more he swore in his heart to obey—as who would not?—the first request of his heart's delight.

The breeze was stilled and all lay quiet under the witchery of a rising moon as the horse picked his own way over the drawbridge, and it was only the echo of the hoofbeats as they clattered on the stones of the deserted courtyard that aroused the rider from his reverie. For the warder had let the horseman pass unchallenged, sure sign of peaceful times, and had recognized the young lord, despite his unusually thoughtful mien.

This one evening of the week the master of the castle was prevailed upon to lay aside his leathern apron, his mallet and chisel, and to sup with his sons. Not, however, in the common dining hall but in a smaller chamber close at hand. Here was some of the old man's handiwork, in shining contrast, by reason of its whiteness and delicacy, to the dull and heavy fittings of the room. No armored knights or heroes with their gnarled and mighty limbs were among the figures displayed, but the lighter and more graceful fancies of classic lore had found in this dreamy artist a portrayer well nigh as close in touch with the spirit of the old time as Phidias or Praxiteles himself. Hylas wreathed round with Naiads, Daphne pursued by Apollo, Venus with hand outstretched to receive the golden apple, Cupid and Psyche, were of the many groups which adorned the room.

As the youth entered, his father and brothers were turning to their wine. Though he had never told the object of his rides into the countryside it was not strange that they had guessed him on a love quest. So, as the wine warmed within them, they plied him with jest and pleasantry till he could no longer choose but confess his plight.

"Ha! son, art thou in very truth betrothed?" asked the father. "Of what like is this maid? who is her sire? what of his condition and estate?"

"She is like—Nay!" turning to the statue, "she is Aphrodite, golden Aphrodite, queen of pleasure and sweet delight."

"Mad boy," cried his brothers with a great laugh, "Betrothed to a pagan goddess, dead these hundred years, Or still more mad to liken mortal maid to her."

"And ye believe me not, see, thus, even thus do I pledge myself the betrothed of golden Aphrodite!" And half in jest, the wine singing in his head, he snatched from his finger his lady's ring and placed it upon the outstretched

hand of the sculptured goddess. Then did all hear, as from a great distance, the softest, most musical of voices.

"Sweet youth, Aphrodite accepts thy pledge." All saw the figure of Aphrodite press to her heart the hand with the ring. With stricken eyes, and dry, dumb mouths they fled the accursed room, the fumes from the wine driven from their heads by that fear which makes the heart leap, and then lie cold and still.

In the morning came the castle chaplain with holy water, and with him the old man, afraid to face alone the work of his own hand. The image of Aphrodite lay shivered upon the floor: the ring was gone.

Donald Cuyler Vaughan.

The Brook

Rippling down the mossy ledges,
Deep between its wooded edges
Flows a tiny brook;
Ever some fair bower finding,
Washing in its wayward winding
Many a sunlit nook.

Onward ever it progresses,
Peeping from its brookweed tresses
Floating in the stream;
'Neath a widening mill-pond resting,
Pauses, in its calm suggesting
Some fair summer's dream.

Old the mill and used no longer,
Tho' the tranquil stream, once stronger,
Turned the mighty wheel;
While the woodland maidens singing,
Grain from fern-girt fields a-bringing,
Ground the yellow meal.

Charles Dederer Thompson, Jr.

The Adventures of an Agent

LA S T summer I was anxious for a change, for something absolutely new. I had the real spirit of a nomad,—a desire to go out for myself, to learn a little of human nature first hand. The idea of being an agent appealed to me. I happened to receive a brilliant prospectus, telling how many an adventurous youth had grown rich by selling the famous "Orange Brand" of jams and preserves. All the best people in New York used them three times a day and between meals. The commission offered was good, so I accepted the agency. My territory was to be the state of New Jersey and the city of Philadelphia. Strange that the producers of such a famous brand should give so large a territory to a beginner!

In due time the samples were received. They looked very tempting. I found a little leather bag that I could use to carry the samples, which would hold three jars of fruit. The next morning I set out on my adventures. The first victim of the enterprise was Mrs. P——, an elderly lady whom I knew very well. I rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor. I conversed upon the weather and how her son was succeeding in business for a proper length of time, and finally broached the subject of jams. Mrs. P—— had not put up much fruit, she said. I told her carefully how the "Waldorf" would use no other brand, how J. P. Morgan could not get enough of them, how Theodore Roosevelt gave the jams his strenuous support, how Maud Adams always took one jar of the "Orange Brand's" famous "Orange Marmilade" before acting. At length she gave me an order for six dollars worth of jams. The exultation of the first order!

I went to several other ladies that morning; people whom I knew, every one of them. To a woman they gave me orders. I congratulated myself on my success as a sales-

man, in fact I felt sure I was very gifted in that line. It never occurred to me that perhaps people whom I did not know might not be so amiable. I told my skeptical family of my success, and impressed upon them the ease with which I obtained the orders, especially emphasizing this feature of the performance to my father, who had held no faith in the business from the start.

The next few days were equally successful, until finally I felt that I was a born agent. I resolved to widen the field of action, and try Philadelphia, where I would no doubt make my fortune. It would be more pleasant to have a partner,—and why not, for there would be plenty for us both? A friend named Darley, I selected as the lucky one who was to help me introduce the "Orange Brand" upon the tables of the Philadelphia millionaires. He had recently recovered from typhoid fever and was not very strong. However, he said he couldn't let a chance like this slip by, and would go anyway.

The new supply of samples arrived and were packed carefully in our suit-cases, and off we went in search of fortune. At Germantown Junction we asked a friendly policeman where we could find a cheap, respectable hotel. He directed us to the Alhambra. "which," he said, "is jest the kind of a joint you fellers want. I go there myself often."

After walking down a few narrow streets and past some factories, we came to a large red brick building, conspicuous for the sign, "Export Beer." In small print above was "The Alhambra." We went in and asked the loungers about the bar for the proprietor. After a little delay, a young man, wearing what had once been a white shirt, appeared, and said in a courteous manner,

"Mornin', gents. What can I do fer ye?" We told him what we wanted.

"Fifty cents a day fer lodgings, a quarter extra fer each meal. Come after me, gents, and I'll show you a room."

We were led up a narrow flight of stairs, through some dark passages to a little room two-thirds filled with a double bed. We engaged the room.

Next morning we were up bright and early, and had a consultation where to go and when to start. After unpacking our samples and arranging them in a line on the bureau, we both decided that it would be inexpedient to bother busy housewives until after nine o'clock, as doubtless we would not be welcome guests at the breakfast table.

The day was extremely hot, ninety-seven degrees in the shade as we left the hotel for Clifford Avenue. When we had reached our destination, I took the right side of the street and my partner the left. I went up to the first house and rang the bell; for some reason it kept on ringing. The servant came to the door in consternation,

"Shure, what do ye mean by this a-ringing and a-ringing! No, ye can't see the missus! She doesn't want none o' yer truck!"

The door slammed in my face. I was a little surprised at her brusque manner, but laughed and went on. The next two houses were closed for the summer. At the fourth house the family were at breakfast. The next woman had given orders that no agents were to be admitted. I finished the first block without having sold a thing. My colleague was waiting for me. He didn't look very pleasant.

"What luck?" I said in a cheery way.

"Nothing!" he replied. "Guess I'm not cut out for an agent, like you. Suppose you've sold a lot?"

"No," I answered, "not yet. I think we must be in a bad place. Let's try somewhere else."

The heat was very oppressive. It was about one hundred degrees by this time, and asphalt pavements are not likely to be very cool on a hot day. We were dripping with perspiration.

We jumped on a trolley and went to a street upon which

we knew some of the richest people in Germantown lived. It was wide and beautiful, shaded by tall trees, and bordered by lawns and magnificent houses. Here, if anywhere, we could sell something. My friend by this time was beginning to look a bit weary. I was afraid he would not last much longer. But we resolutely started out, he on one side of the street, I on the other. I had to sell something and resolved not to give up a single house without a fight. On the lawn of the first house I went up to the gardener who was arranging a flower bed. I asked him the name of the lady who lived there. He told me, "Mrs. Brown." I rang the door bell, and at the same time hid my agent's bag around a corner of the door step. When the servant came to the door I presented my card and inquired,

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?"

"Yes sir. Please step into the parlor."

I did so, keeping my bag behind me. I placed the bag under my chair in the parlor and awaited my fate. There happened to be a college flag in the room. Here was my cue. In a few minutes a tall, gaunt lady entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brown," I said, "it's a very warm morning. I don't know when I've felt the heat so."

"May I ask—" said Mrs. Brown.

"A Stevens flag! Well, that makes one feel at home. Do you know any one there, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Mr. Barwis is my nephew. Do you come from there, Mr. —eh, Mr., excuse me, I've forgotten the name on the card."

"Yes," I replied, "it is a beautiful place. Of course you have been there. No? Know some one there? Yes, yes that's it. What was the name you said? Mrs. Foster? Oh yes. I knew you knew her." I had never heard of Mrs. Foster. "Do you know Mrs. Foster is the very one who directed me to be sure and call on you when in Germantown." My conscious pricked me—but what went a man

do when he is put to it? "She was sure that you would want to get some of the same jam that the Waldorf use. She said you always used the best of everything. Let me show you a few samples.

Mrs. Brown's face fell somewhat as I pulled the bag out from under the chair.

I told my little story that I knew so well. Finally, after much hesitation, she told me that, although she did not want the jam, she would give me an order for one jar of jelly costing twenty-five cents, if it could be delivered at the right time and not sent C. O. D. I thanked her for her liberal patronage and took my leave.

On the porch of the next house was seated a middle-aged, stern looking woman. She greeted me in the cold way in which agents should be greeted. I told her my business and begged her to let me show her my samples.

"Young man," she said, "I have no idea of getting anything, but I have no objections to offer if you wish to show me the samples."

I replied that I would be charmed, and proceeded to tell my little story, putting in all the jokes I could think of. When I had finished expatiating upon the merits of the "Orange Jam Kitchen's" product, I asked her if she would not buy something.

"No," she replied, "I do not want any. I told you that before you showed them to me, and I have since then found no adequate reason for changing my mind."

"Do you put up your own?" I asked.

"That is my business," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Oh, pardon me. But may I trouble you to tell me who lives next door?"

"I am not in the habit of giving my neighbors' names to agents!" she snapped.

I intimated that she could do as she pleased about that, and left without further delay. I went to the end of the long

row of houses following, but despite my efforts, could sell nothing. On the corner, under a large maple tree, I found my friend Darley seated. I never saw a more utterly dejected countenance.

We rested awhile and then took a nearby trolley back to the Alhambra. Lunch refreshed us somewhat. In the afternoon I left Darley to rest in the hotel and set out again. Heat, or no heat, I was not going to give up yet. I happened to think of a lady I knew in Germantown. She could probably give me some names of people to whom to go. She had a daughter. The lady was out, but the daughter was home. I was tired, the porch was cool, and the company pleasant. No more agent work was done that day. At five o'clock I left with the young lady all the samples I had in my bag and set out for the Alhambra.

On my return to the hotel, I found that my friend had packed up and had decided to return home. He was not feeling well, and was sure that he could not continue the agent work. I said farewell to him at the station, and returned, not in the best of spirits, to the hotel.

The next morning was as hot as ever. I put new samples in my bag, (How I hated the sight of that bag) and set out on another tramp. I took the trolley for an entirely different part of the city from that which we had tried the day before. House after house was assailed to no avail. Either a "Mrs.— has given orders that she does not wish to see agents!" or a door slammed in my face were the usual receptions. All afternoon I worked on with no success. In the evening, tired and hungry, I returned to the Alhambra, and found, to my chagrin, that I had lost my pocketbook with my return ticket and all the money I had with me. I was in despair. Three days of hard work—two small orders, and now my pocketbook lost—I went to the proprietor, told him my situation, and asked him for twenty-five cents to telegraph home for money.

The lightning flashed in the west as, suit-case in one hand and agent's bag in the other, I ascended the steps of the Germantown Junction station to take the train back to R—. When I reached R—, a heavy thunder storm was raging furiously. The trolley had stopped, so I resolved to go home the best way I could. Drenched and exhausted, I reached the house, only to find all the lights out and the doors locked. In vain I called up at the windows, but my voice was rivaled by the whistling of the wind and the claps of thunder. At length I heard the bolts rattle, and some one opened the front door. It was my father. When he discovered who the rain soaked and disconsolate individual was, who had been howling for the last half hour outside the window, he sat down in the big arm chair in the hall and just laughed and laughed. I thought he would never stop. I did not feel like laughing, but had to smile in spite of myself.

"A born agent, sure enough," he said, and laughed again.

John Stewart Burgess.

Editorial

On the Nature
of Editorials

In looking over *LIT.* editorials of times past, a diversion we can recommend as a sedative, we note a tendency toward two extremes. Certain editors have a penchant for abstract themes—wise moralizing on such subjects as, "The Choice of a Profession," or "Literary Companionship." Others are intensely practical, and at the same time lack originality. They prefer to tread in the beaten track of captious pessimism—to rail against clubs and hat bands, to bewail the degeneracy of the Halls and debating (a recurrent lamentation antedating the *LIT.* itself), or to expose anew the follies of the curriculum and the inadequacy of the whole college system. On all of these topics each editor fancies himself to have said the last word; he lacks a sense of perspective, and, sometimes, of humor. But—demoralizing thought!—what has come of all these remedies which innumerable editorial "wes" have "proposed" and "suggested"? The clubs and the hat bands still subsist; the Halls pursue their sisterly decline; and college still continues the friendly refuge for four years of many individuals—too lazy or too dignified (as yet) to work. While the editors of the other college periodicals carry out the little, necessary reforms, must the editor of the *LIT.* be always a mere figurehead, writing industriously, like another Casanbon, editorials which no one reads in print except himself. On the face of it such would seem to be the case. Have we then no alternative but to give way to the very pessimism we have deplored—for surely editorials, however futile, must still be penned?

Our Own

Theory

We believe there is a remedy ; growing out of the nature of the editorials themselves as we analyzed them in our opening paragraph.

Few men think it worth their while to read scholarly dissertations by an undergraduate on the ideal life, in one form or another. Fewer still will concern themselves with crude babblings of pessimism, or startling projects aimed at subverting long-established conditions, and accomplishing the impracticable, if not the impossible. There is a golden mean which some editors have found, and, finding, we trust may not have labored wholly in vain. The mission of the other college periodicals is to deal with things as they are. Their horizon is bounded by the present and the actual. The function of the *LIT.* is to show things as they ought to be, but its editor must take care not to push forward his horizon line too far. That way danger lies—in an attempt, in other words, to follow the questionable counsel, "Reach higher than you can grasp." College customs were not built in a day, and are not easily destroyed, if undesirable. Only the small, firmly-grounded reforms are usually successful. Were the editor of the *LIT.* to observe carefully the three rules given below, his chances of a larger audience and influence would increase.

First. Let him become thoroughly cognizant of all the facts before he attempts to comment on them.

Second. Let him never disclose a fault without suggesting a process by which it may be eradicated.

Third. Let him beware of offering a remedy which is not entirely feasible and judicious.

In subsequent numbers may be observed our endeavors to digest our own advice. Perhaps it would have accorded better with our incipient reputation had we practiced a little first—and then preached.

The upper class clubs have come to stay,—
The Inter- and to multiply. It would be as useless to
attempt to thwart their prosperity and growth
Club Treaty with chirping editorials as would be the
effort to check an ambitious forest fire with
patent extinguishers. It has been proved conclusively
that every successful university must harbor clubs where the
social element is emphasized. The Halls, in so far as they
were designed to be centers of social life, long ago proved
dismal failures. It remained, then, a question of fraterni-
ties or upper-class clubs, and Princeton decided for the lat-
ter. She could not change now if she would, so that
henceforth, her endeavor must be, by weeding out its more
obvious errors, gradually to perfect the present system.
What we have to say at this time concerns the treaty
several years ago enacted between the several clubs—
many times broken and as often mended. The cause of
each new fracture reduces in the last analysis to selfish-
ness—the willingness of a single club to sacrifice the com-
mon good to its own advancement. In our opinion, it is
not the individual offenders who are usually most to
blame—it is the clubs they represent,—that calmly wink
at any amount of esoteric influence brought to bear upon
desirable Sophomores by their members,—only imposing
slight penalties when, by some chance, the infringement is
discovered. Even though the treaty may not often be broken
directly, there are many ways, as this year demon-
strated, in which the *spirit* of the law may be transgressed.
Since it is the sentiment of the University that the treaty
shall continue in force, the time has come when it should
be placed on a permanent basis. This can be done only
by extending the honor system to include the inter-club
treaty. To accomplish this nothing more is needed than a
rigid enforcement of the pledge already required both from
Sophomore electors and club members, which contains the

clause—"I do solemnly pledge my word of honor as a gentleman." With that clause in mind it is hard to understand the occurrences of last spring. They can only be explained on the ground that the oath was regarded as a mere form, and in no way analagous to the examination pledge. It should be accounted as much of a disgrace to break the inter-club treaty, as to cheat in an examination or to deliver a plagiarized oration. This will only occur when the punishment is relatively as great—consisting in the permanent exclusion of an offender from membership in any club. The effort already determined upon to enforce stringently both the letter and spirit of the treaty, hereafter, will only result successfully as the prospective punishment is understood to be unendurable.

Gossip:

OF THE USEFULNESS OF SOCIETY.

"The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial-plate;
'Yes, Ma'am,' and 'No, Ma'am,' uttered softly, show
Every five minutes how the minutes go;
Each individual, suffering a constraint,
Poetry may, but colours cannot paint."

William Couper.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, a man of good spirits was accustomed to dig daily in his garden. A stranger passing, asked the toiler, "Why do you dig in this little garden? Do you not know that in yonder mountains there lies a treasure-chest?" The man replied, "I shall set forth in search of the treasure. Peradventure I may discover it." So he shouldered his spade, locked the cottage door and made his way into the midst of the mountains. Long years he dug in vain, his spane of life drew toward its close, yet he grew not weary. At last one day his spade, bent and rusted, rang clear against metal. Eagerly the man lifted the treasure-box from its place of concealment. With trembling haste he flung back the weighty lid. The chest was empty.

The profits of society are cunningly hidden.

Thousands upon thousands of years ago, when man's reputation was dependent upon the circumference of his biceps and the fleetness of his lower limbs, the prime motive of society was joint usefulness. Two men united could deliver and sustain twice as many lusty cracks as one lone individual. Three heads were thrice harder than a single head. Such was the original purpose of society; but purposes are the unknown seeds dropped into the soil of the mind's garden. What the plant will be is a matter for interesting conjecture. Society nowadays has successfully routed out this oldtime, egoistic selfishness. It seeks to make others useful.

Dame Rumor told the Gossip that the purpose of society was pleasure. The Gossip smiled behind the old lady's back. Has ever a man seen a number of persons gathered with deliberate intent of pleasure? Let him come forward and declare himself. Be he ever so young or old, if he escape the clutches of the keepers of sanitariums his name shall become famous. Alas! It is a question hopeless of raising champions; the most brazen-faced and nimble-tongued draw back, and emphatically will not pledge themselves in defense of such an absurdity. Recall any social gathering you have experienced the pain of attending. Are all faces assembled expressive of the most perfect joy? The host is having an

excellent time because he stayed away. The hostess appears to be enjoying herself — she has learned to conceal her emotions. At a hasty glance we judge by the exterior. It is well we are not all readers of the workings of the mind. Does her cordial welcome never vary? Not if she is a clever hostess. What a pity that her cleverness is merely a practiced facility. Wait with the Gossip until the last smile has been smiled and the last clang of the front door has echoed through the empty rooms, and then—. Look you, has not young Sporticus moped in a corner since the moment he remarked the precise fit of Donothing's coat? Does not Donothing privately gnash his teeth because his shoulders lack by an inch the breadth of the structure resting on Sporticus? No masculine patron of matrimony extracts a deal of pleasure in imitating the hat rack while his wife imitates the debutantes. A more blithesome evening he could be spending in smoking jacket and slippers. Reverse the medal. Mrs. Boredom does not expressly delight in idle tattle with matrons while her husband capers with youngsters a few score years her junior. She would much prefer to have him at home behind closed doors whose key-holes are stopped against unduly inquisitive ears. There is Mrs. Kindly. Her smile is serene, her brow unruffled. Let us ask her the secret. "My dears," says Mrs. Kindly, "we must use discretion." Perhaps she is right.

Society after all is a stock market. Your preferment, my lord, is another's lack of prestige; do you, my lady, draw heavily on popularity available, then from your rivals' account must the corresponding deficit be forthcoming. Why then is society tolerated? Dear friends, the reason is obvious—for fear something worse might take its place. Think what a calamity would befall should society come tumbling down about our ears. We would have nothing with which to while away the idle hours. We could not furnish one another tid-bits suitable for sprightly conversation. We would not know why our neighbor does this and why he does that, why he keeps but one carriage, why his wife goes South each winter, why his oldest son is named Percival, and why he wears patent-leather shoes. An amazing store of information would escape us. The Art of Tattle would be lost.

And the Gossip you know is the Prince of Tattle.

Editor's Table

The Editor, being compelled to get in his copy early for the commencement number, and having delayed until the last moment, had finally worked himself up into the correct judicial and receptive mood. He invaded the Sanctum, therefore, prepared to spend a long afternoon among his piles of exchanges, but imagine his surprise, we dare hardly call it disappointment, to find the table empty,—innocent, that is, of any May issue, tho' it was strewn, like the floor, with the litter of one of the many committees, with which, for reasons our pride forbids us to mention, the Lit. must share its office.

Being thus deprived of his intended occupation, and with his curiosity thoroughly aroused, the Editor determined to probe the affair to the bottom. A careful search of the floor and the waste basket brought to light only a few old April exchanges which he thought he already knew by heart. But a second glance at their pages of contents disclosed the cause for which he had been seeking. Hidden away beneath the tangled thicket of editors names, and notices that all subscriptions were so much a year — payable in advance — there was usually this modest little statement, "This magazine is published by the students of—on the 15th day of each month, for the promotion of literary activities etc., etc.

Here then was the reason for the non-appearance of the May numbers. Most of them, even if they were to come out on time, would not be issued until the middle of the month whose name they bore.

The Editor had unwittingly stumbled upon a fact to which he was before oblivious. But he is at a loss to account for it. Certainly the big magazines of the outside world do not pursue this plan. We seem to remember having had the December numbers with their reindeer and mistletoe, thrust upon us about Thanksgiving, and the Thanksgiving turkey, we are sure, began to strut forth upon the cover pages not long after we returned from our summer vacation.

Now this custom of keeping so far in advance of the season seems to us a very senseless one, but we are also at a loss to explain the custom of most college magazines in coming out so much later—scarcely a week in fact before the next month's issue of the real magazines. It cannot be from procrastination for it would be just as easy to call for all manuscript two weeks earlier. Indeed we venture to suggest that such a course might have its financial benefits, as it seems to us that an issue coming out on the first of the month would have a greater sale than one which, to outsiders at least, must always appear two or three weeks old.

When the Editor paused for breath after the above harangue, his eyes chanced to fall upon a copy of his own Lit., and absent-mindedly glancing down the page of contents, he received a shock which jarred all remaining breath out of him. He hopes, gentle reader, that you will not look there also.

Book Talk

SOCIETY OF TO-MORROW

IN *THE SOCIETY OF TO-MORROW*, M. de Molinari, the well-known French economist, has made a valuable addition to the list of economic treatises. It is an essay furnishing a clear insight into the political and economic conditions of to-day, dealing with the various and pressing problems which are demanding of sovereign powers an immediate solution and remedy. M. de Molinari endeavors to demonstrate that human welfare has been retarded, and a needless state of armed neutrality maintained by European states through the existence of powerful military and official classes whose personal interest is served by the maintenance of militarism, war and conquest. But the costs of these conquests has resulted in the poverty and increased indebtedness of the lower classes to whom a direct share of the spoils of war is denied. Conditions are not to-day as they were with primitive man, when whole tribes often depended on warfare for their existence. The book is divided into three parts, "The State of War," "The State of Peace" and notes upon economic questions. In the first part, besides tracing the economical history of man and the political state, together with present conditions, the author arrives at the conclusion that we live to-day in a state of war, that society's most urgent need is its abolishment, and likewise that competition in war is doomed to give way before competition in industry and the arts. The natural progress of society has resulted in more effective and costly instruments of war, so that to-day, if a state would not be found in a more backward military condition than its neighbor, it must keep up with the highest standards of military excellence. The maintenance of this armament in times of peace involves an immense expenditure of money and energy, thereby hindering the best all round welfare of the people. In the State of Peace, M. de Molinari likens the society of nations to the society of individuals who in primitive communities were early taught the necessity of living at peace among themselves. In like manner nations will learn to realize that it is for their mutual benefit to live in peace with each other, and here the author commences to arrive at his solution of the great problem of armed neutrality. While man is a law unto himself, might makes right; and while nations are subordinate to no impartial court of justice the same conditions will exist. Therefore the establishment of an international arbitration court is suggested as the best means of doing away with the existence of war and establishing a state of universal peace. On the whole the book should be found not only valuable but interesting reading, treating as carefully as

it does of the social and political dangers which confront society to-day. (*The Society of To-Morrow: A forecast of its Political and Economic Organization.* By G. de Molinari. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NOT IN THE CURRICULUM is a little book of practical counsel for college men, written by two recent Princeton graduates, inscribed with an introduction by Dr. van Dyke, and dedicated to Woodrow Wilson. Many books have been published (like Prof. Canfield's) dealing with the problems of college students; but so far as we know, this is the first to be written by men fresh from their undergraduate days and therefore particularly fitted for such a task. Dr. van Dyke strikes the key-note in his introduction;—"It seems to me that the book must do good to other young men because it is genuine. It has grown out of real experience and good work." Following are the subjects of some of the most helpful chapters: "Friends," "Ideals," "Conversation," "Dealing with Doubt," and "The Bible in College Life." (Not in the Curriculum. By Two Recent College Graduates. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.)

A book of entirely different character by a Princeton man is *CADETS OF GASCONY*, by Burton E. Stevenson, '94. There are two of these Cadets, and of each is told a story, short and light. These Gascon youths are quick of wit, skilled with the sword, and impressionable of heart. Their adventures are improbable, the rescues from dreary prisons which they effect, are miraculous. We obtain a fairly good picture of old France from the stand-point of the castle-dotted country district in the one story, and of the slums of Paris in the other. The element of suspense is well handled, and fixes our attention to the end. (*Cadets of Gascony.* By Burton E. Stevenson. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippencott Co.)

Another book of similar type is R. N. Stevens' *THE BRIGHT FACE OF DANGER*. Here there is a refreshing absence of oaths, of "'S death"'s, "Ods blood"'s, "By my halidom"'s, etc. Indeed the book is frankly a free rendering from suppositious French into modern English, so that the author, fortunately for himself and his readers, misses the charm and escapes the pitfalls of archaic English. The hero is introduced as a sedentary bibliophile, with a dislike for the young-blood occupations, so popular in his day (the reign of Henry IV.) As soon, however, as he is driven forth by the taunts of a young girl, his neighbor, to bring her the mustaches of a soldier whom he considers his rival, he forgets his books and therefore becomes the normal young man of his time, and, indeed, all times. On his departure to accomplish his hirsute designs, Blaise Tripault, the old warrior of his father, La Tournoire (both of whom may be remembered in the author's "An Enemy to the King") gives him a code by which to regulate his conduct: "First, never start upon an undertaking until you see your way clear to the end. Second; never sleep in a house where there is a old husband and a young wife. Third; never leave a highway for a byway." (*The Bright Face of Danger.* By R. N. Stevens. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.)

We are carried from France in the old world to Louis XIV's empire

beyond the Atlantic in **ROBERT CAVELIER**. The hero of this romance is no other than the famous explorer, of whom Parkman has written, the *Sieur de la Salle*. In point of interest and vividness of narrative, the historian has the better of the novelist, in spite of all the embellishments which fiction can lend to truth. Robert Cavelier is spoiled by tedious historical discussions, and a stilted manner of conversation. And yet the author's explanation of the fraternal hate of the Cavalier brothers, and his account of the explorer's love affair are not without interest. (Robert Cavelier. By. W. D. Orcutt. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.)

Leaving the field of historical romance we have four books dealing with life of to-day. The first of these is Alice Brown's latest collection of short stories. The theme of these twelve stories is love, life's **HIGH NOON**, as the volume is called, after the Persian proverb, "One instant only is the sun at noon." We have here Miss Brown's artistically most perfect work; the character studies are interesting; the incidents, dramatic; the diction, delightful. But there is a disagreeable, jarring note in most of the stories; a reiteration of "What might have been." Among the best in the volume are the "Book of Love," "Here and There," and "Natalie Blayne." (High Noon. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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Though we can hardly sympathize with the author in her choice of subject, THE WOOD CARVER OF 'LYMPUS is human to the core. It tells the story of a helpless, despondent invalid, who through the sympathy of friends and by finding for himself a sphere of usefulness regains his lost faith in God and man. Aunt 'Lize and Uncle Shim are more than mere conventional New Englanders and a fascination is lent to the story by the bewitching vagaries of Twiddle. Throughout the book careful atten-

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tion, indeed almost too careful, is given to descriptive coloring, distracting the attention at times from the thread of the narrative. The whole story breathes the air of hale old New England, redolent of spruce and pine. The book will mean little to the class of readers who would merely follow their hero through intrigue and battle, but to a student of life in its manifold conditions it cannot fail to be of more than passing interest, and, barring its defects, the character of Hugh Armstrong is eminently fitted "to point a moral and adorn a tale." (*The Wood Carver of 'Lympus*. By M. E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

The scene of W. H. Mallock's latest story is laid in England in the latter half of the nineteenth century,—a period of intense intellectual agitation. Darwin had given to the world his theory of natural selection, and science and philosophy were making fierce inroads on the mystical conception of religion. The writer aims to show how these new ideas gained so strong a foothold in modern thought; and eliminated many of the pet doctrines of conservative thinkers, by reducing religion to a matter of fact and emotion. As a work of art the book seems to have little merit. There is no plot, no action, no motive, and consequently no dramatic setting. Its characters are cold and intellectual. Yet it is a remarkable production. For it must be said that it shows deep insight into religious thought, and exhibits unusual power in bringing such ab-

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struse matter to the level of every day conversation of social life. In places the work is very interesting, but toward the end it becomes wearisome with its long speculations and abstract terms. (*THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE*. By W. H. Mallock. New York : G. P. Putnam, s Son's.)

Several years ago Harper's Weekly printed a series of sketches in the form of Club talks in which the chief participants were the Irresponsible Person, the Married Man and the Idiot. This was the Idiot's first appearance on the literary stage, and he immediately won for himself universal approbation by his spicy, yet kindly treatment of men and events of the day. In *THE INVENTIONS OF THE IDIOT* Mr. Bangs causes our genial friend to recount for the delectation of his table-companions at Mrs. Smithers-Padagog's High-class Home for Single Gentlemen, a number of inventions which he had made for the purpose of relieving "the tribulations of civilized man." Among the choicest parts of the book are the chapters on "University extension," "Progressive Waffles" and "Children," although it is all of a lively, entertaining nature which cannot fail to furnish good material for light reading. (*The Inventions of the Idiot*. By John Kendrick Bangs. New York : Harper Bros.)

(*Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*. By R. S. Surtees. A new edition. 1903. New York : D. Appleton & Co.)

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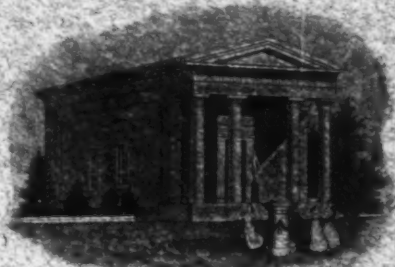
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